



LOVE'S DIALECT,

OR;

Poeticall Varieties;

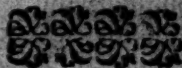
Digested

Into a MISCELANIE of various
FANCIES.

Composed by *Tho. Jordan*, Gent.

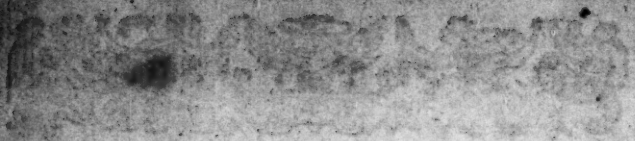
Martial. Epig.

Carpere vel noli nostra vel eade tua.



LONDON,

Printed by Authority, for the use of the
Author. 1646.



LOVE'S DIALECT

OF

Poetical Varieties;

INTRODUCED BY
THE AUTHOR OF
THE DIALECT



Compiled by the Author

London, 1812.

Printed by J. Johnson, Strand.

LONDON

Printed by J. Johnson, Strand.
1812.



TO THE TRVELY WORTHY

*Henry Coggaine, Esquire, Master Comptroller of
his Majesties Mint in the Tower of London :*

My humble Muse directs her dull

Endeavours.

Most honor'd S I R,

Not that I have any interest in your *worthi-
nesse*, more then what *Learning-Lovers* may
humbly challenge in such good *Fauctors* of
Arts and Sciences as your *Noble selfe*, gives
me encouragement for *directing* these unpollished
Poems to your *perusall* and *Protection*, because I am a
Stranger to you ; which, I hope, will raise no unhappie
argument, to prove me or my endeavour *despicable*, or
not acceptable : *S I R*, I confesse, this forme of *repre-
sentation* is a Confidence nor at all confirm'd in me by
Custom ; and have a modest *hope*, that this my *Confes-
sion*, when you have ventured your *time* to reade me,
will so thrive in your un-erring *Opinion*, that (in case
of necessitie) true Love and humble *Service* (two con-
siderable and rare *Virtues*) may be received as valuable
Securities for his *Civilitie*, who devotes himselfe

S I R,

*Your most humble servant and
absolute Honour,*

Tho. Jordan.

TO THE TRAVEL WORTHY

His Majesty's Minister in the Tower of London

My dear Sir

I have the

21 R

Of that I have any interest in it, or words
 at present than what I have already said may
 humbly challenge in such good favour of
 and service as your World will give
 me encouragement for, I shall be obliged
 to you to your service and protestation, because I am a
 stranger to you; which I hope will raise no unpropitious
 argument to prove me or my endeavours of service, or
 not acceptable: 21 R, I am at this time of service
 is a Commission at all contained in the by
 Customs; and have a model of the same in my hand
 for you to have returned your way to send me
 will to think in your own way of service, that (in case
 of necessity) was sent and would be sent in two
 hours and was (as I have said) a serviceable
 service for his Majesty who desires himself

21 R

Your most humble servant

The Duke



To M^r. Thomas Jordan on his Fancies.

I Read thy Fancies; wondred how
Such streames of wit should from thee flow;
Friend Jordan; I nere thought thy head
(Like Nile's scarce yet discovered)
Would so breake out; but now I am
Pleas'd with the knowledge whence they came.

Some Poetasters of the times,
That dabble in the Lake of Rhimes;
Care not, so they be in Print
What sordid trash or stufte is in't.
There are too many such I feare
That make Bookes cheape and Paper deare.

But thou art Poesie's true sonne,
The Issue of thy braine doth runne
With well digested matter, thine,
Are Morall some, and some Divine,
Some Satyrs some love's Rapsodies,
The dead live by thy Elegies.
We that are old in th' art must leake,
And worne with often usage breake;
Thy younger poe the Muses will
With their best waters alwayes fill;

When we are gone, the World shall see,
A full-brim'd Helicon in thee.

THO. NABEE

To his Friend the Author M^r. Thomas Jordan,
on his Varieties.

I Must not Jordan passe, though the waves glide
With equall savour of the winde and tide:

Nor for the land will I forsake the streames,

On whose brow danceth flowrie Anadems,

But every limbe bathing in fresh delight,

Quicken the bravery of my appetite,

I scud amid st the Curles, and with my palme,

Stroke the delicious waters in a calme,

Whose vertues are more powerfull in their birth,

Then all the distillations of the earth:

To sip of this from Cupids hollow hand,

Creates effects more strange then dart, or brand:

Quaffe Candid Reader, but dulle clots be gone,

For Iordan's waters are pure Helicon.

E D. M A Y.

On my Friend and adopted sonne M^r. Thomas
Jordan the Infant-Poet of our Age.

From smallest Springs, arise the greatest streames,

Thou hast begun well; who dares hinder thee

Still to goe forward, and dilate thy beames,

T acquaint the world with thy sweet Poety:

Speake still in tune, hide not thy worth but shew it,

That men may say, th' art borne not made a Poet.

And he that fayles thy growing Muse to cherish,

May his fixt hopes in expectation perish.

Thine (sance Compliment)

F. B.

POE.

POETICALL VARIETIES.

A Gentleman in love with twenty Mistresses.

Prethee leave me love, goe place desire (fire,
In those cold hearts that ne're felt Am'rous
Or let me be thy Martyr, let me burne
Till I am nought but ashes, and my urne
Translated to some common *Spicerie*,
May serve thee more then thy *Artillerie*.
Coy *Madams* tasting me in their hot spice,
Shall feele more flames then all the learn'd advice
Of *Esculapius* can alay, though he
Descend from Heaven to teach new Mysteries
If this may not be granted, let me crave
As many hearts as flames, then shall I have
A multitude of *sayre-ones*; Then I may
Enjoy my *Rosa*, spend the Am'rous day
Within her armes, and at the night retire
To *Violetta*, quench another fire

When

B 2

In

Poeticall Varieties.

In her cold bosome, but ere day doth rise
Salute the Morne in my *Aurora's* eyes;
There like to an *Idolater* ile gaze
Till my *Honor*ia rids me of the maze
And draws me to her Bower, where having spent
Some heavenly houres, ile hide our *Adolescent*
(That wonder of perfection) we two,
Can teach the *Turtles* what they ought to doe;
With kisses mayst her Ruby lips be cover:
But then *Cassara* sayes, I doe not love her;
Who with a witty sweete indulgent smile
Tells me I doe forget her all this while.
Then doe I kisse and study to excuse,
But yet am strait instructed by my Muse.
Bellara wants me, theres a minde as faire
And beautifull as all the other Are:
In their externall features, such a one
Might have perswaded desperate *Phaeton*,
To have forsooke his Chariot, & her Love
Next to my *Berdes*, till *Fancy* bids me prove
My chaste *Eliza*, in her Virgin brest,
Lyes farre more worth then Poets have exprest
In painting out *Pandora*, I confesse
I honour her as I doe happiness;
But not like my belov'd *Berdes*, shee
Can give instructions to mortallitie,
How we may scape Hell's fatall fire and tomes,
To (loves blest Paradise) *Elizium*,
Except *Thalia* (one as faire and kind)
Perswad's us to be of another minde;
Makes us beleeve *Elizium* is a place
But feign'd unlesse it be in her embrace

Where

Poeticall Varieties.

Where I could ever rest, thence never part
 Would *Eglestina* send me backe my heart,
 Yet such sweete chaines of love shee binds it in,
 That should I thinke to loose, twould be a sin.
 To great for *Absolution*, I must rest
 Untill *Dulcella* (not more faire then blest)
 Please for to give release, in her it lyes
 To make me hug my owne deare perjuries,
 And yet shee knowes *Ambrosia* being by
 I can neglect her and her potencie.
Ambrosia can conduct my happy feete
 To *Columbina* (shee that is more sweet
 Then natures perfume'd violet) he that knowes
 Her sweetnesse, as I doe, will say the Rose
 Breaths but contagion, yet *Candora* shall
 Maintaine though shee be sweet, shee has not all
 Kind nature did bestow, for in her brest
Arabiahs, and the chaste *Phenix* nest.
 Must I though lose *Fidelia* and deny
 My faith to *Anabella*, let me dye
 When I remember not the sacred love
 Twixt me and my *Musea*; The fond Dove
 Affects not like *Lucella*, they are all
 So faire, so sweet I know not which to call
 My best or happiest, for unhappy I,
 Must love but one of all, or by love dye;
 Ile leave all therefore, and my selfe encline
 To court *Francia*, shees a love divine.

Eglestina

Dulcella

Ambrosia

Columbina

Candora

Fidelia

Anabella

Musea

Lucella

Francia

Poeticall Varieties.

*A Gentleman's deploration for his Mistresse,
falling from Vertue.*

Patience, inhabit humble soules; extend
Thy passive power to those whose sorrowes end;
Mine are eternall, powerfull, and immense;
Such as may teach thee wrath fond Patience;
Ixion's wheele is easie, and the stone
Sisiphus rowles he doth but sleepe upon,
Compar'd to mine; The greatnesse of my wrongs
Would want *Oration*, though an hundred tongues
Guided by fluent *Orators*, should dare
In thrifty speech but briefly to declare;
They would destroy all *Memories*, all *Sence*,
And drive all Language from *Intelligence*.

Thou that art rich in sorrow, and canst sweare

Thou hast more then *Mortality* can beare.

Attend, and give me audience, I will shew
Thy quaking *sense* what thou shalt feare to know;
Thou wilt beleeve (if I at large declare)
Sorrow hath tane her dwelling in thy *Eare*.
And thinke thou mayst with lesser patience
Endure thy wrongs, than give mine audience.

Felina's fallen from vertue; shees acute

In learned *Leuitie*, turn'd *Prostitute*.

I lov'd her dearly, while her eyes were pure,
While she blush'd *innocent*, and kiss'd to cure,
When *smiles* were modest ensignes, while her breath,
Carried more balme then *poyson*, life then death;
When shee weep'd honest *greefe*; and I did see,
Her *Salutations* were *humilitie*;

Then

Poeticall Varieties.

Then was shee perfect *Virgin*; then did I

Contract my heart to this *Idolatry*;

Her eyes doe now looke glorious, but to tell

Unhappy man, the fairest way to *Hell*.

Shee blushes now for *guilt*, smiles to doe *ill*,

Breath's but to *poyson*, kisses but to *kill*;

Weep's to *ensnare*, salut's but to *destroy*,

Flatters to *ceaze*, imbraceth to *betray*;

Betraves to get no *profit*, or *renowne*,

But falls her selfe, to plucke another downe.

Oh false *Felina*, must your *beautie* be

Expos'd to *Incest*, and *Adulterie*.

You are a *Whore*, and tis the choysfist name

That he will render, who first caus'd your shame;

Sometimes you are his *Mistresse*, when his lust

Hath itching Feavers, and must take on trust;

But having done hee loaths ye, nay will sweare,

Tis you that made him turne *Adulterer*;

Perhaps youle then *repent* and thinke on *me*,

(That onely priz'd you for your *puritie*)

Resolve to be reserv'd, and never looke

Vpon (that dangerous forbidden Book)

Incontinence. Then doth another come,

Who gives your *penitence* a *Martyr dome*,

Whom you embrace with such an *appetite*;

As if you had beene kept from your delights

An age of *houres*; you *deities* (that see

Such shipwrack made of divine *puritie*)

Lend me your perfect *patience*, or I feare

My *sorrow* will become my *murderer*;

Release me of the contract that I vow'd

Vnto *Felina*; Let her not be proud

Porticall Varieties.

Of my undoing too, that I may beare
My sorrowes like a man, and let my care
Be to admonish those that meane to wed,
No path so full of danger man can tread,
Let not fraile beauty, (that she rode we passe,
Be much ador'd; faire my Felina was.
Let not your Mistresse wealth or wit surprize,
For faire Felina was both rich and wise.
And let not blushes Ladies vertues sell,
Felina was once Chast, and yet shoe fell.

To his Mistresse Philonella, being at her
Looking-glasse.

MY sweetest Philonella, turne away
From that Angelick figure, lest you pay
An adoration to your shade; your eye
May win an Hermit to Idolatrie.
Admit your soule be better guarded, know
I have still cause for doubt, lest some rash vow
(Made in an amrous extasie) should tye
Your selfe to your faire shade eternally,
Which heaven defend, when you bring this to passe.
Be kind you powers, translate me to her glasse,
That when the currall creatures come to give
Their daily tribute to me, I may live
The glory of a lover, and enjoy
More kisses then *Adonis* (Mirrour boy)
Oh but some danger will pursue this blisse
Love is a feeding Fever, and each kisse
Creats another appetite, Alas

I shall become your beauties *burning glasse*.
 Sad *lovers* will relate, (should you expire)
Narcissus dyed by *water*, you by *fire*,
 Both for one *Amorous folly*; yet (as he
 Is now a *Flower*) could you a *Phoenix* be,
 And I the sweete *Arabian tree*, so blest
 With the rich treasure of your spicie nest;
 Most willingly I should desire the blisse,
 Of so divine a *Metamorphosis*.
Apollo sure would leave his *Daphnean tree*,
 (With *Lyrick Ayres*) to keepe us company.
 But these are *fancies*, leave your *glasse*, I vow,
 You are to me a better *Phoenix* now.

To Clora a farewell, once his coy *Mistresse*.

C Lora farewell, you may be cruell now
 And keepe the never-violated vow
 You made unto your *goddesse*; I am free
 As the great *Monarch*, whose large *Emperie*
 Containes a thousand *Regions*, I can sit
 Viewing your beauty, yet betray my wit
 Vnto no greater folly; I can say
 Your cheekes are *Iuly Roses*, and the day
 Borrowes its radiant lustre from your *eyes*,
 And yet retaine my owne; I can be *wise*;
 I doe disdain the power that made me turne
Apostata to *reason*; and doe burne
 With a devoute vexation, I should spend
 My pretious time to such a thriftlesse end
 As to be your *Admirer*, therefore when

C

You

Poeticall Varieties.

You shall dispute the follies of *young men*,
Let me intreate you, (though it raise your fame
High as *Diana's* selfe) you will not name
Me'mongst your captiv'd servants, lest that I
Ruine that fame, and you repenting dye.

To *Leda* his coy Bride, on the Bridall Night.

VVhy art thou coy (my *Leda*) art not mine?
Hath not the holy *Hymene* all twine
Power to contract our *Natures*? must I be
Still interpos'd with needelesse *Modesty*?
What though my former passions made me vow
You were an *Angell*; be a *Mortall* now.
The bride-maides all are vanish'd, and the crew
Of Virgin *Ladies* that did waite on you,
Have left us to our selves; as loth to be
Injurious to our loves wish'd *privacie*.

Come then undresse; why blush you, prethee smile;
Faith ile disrobe ye, nay I will not spoyle
Your *Necklace*, or your *Gorget*; Heres a *Pin*
Pricks you (faire *Leda*) twere a cruell sin
Not to remove it; Oh how many *gates*
Are to *Elizium*? (yet the sweetest *Straits*
That e're made voyage happy) heres a *Lace*
Me thinks should kisse you; it doth embrace
Your body too severely, take a knife,
Tis tedious to undoe it; By my life,
It shall be cur. Let your *Carnation* gowne
Be pull'd off (too) and next let me pull downe
This *Rose Peticote*; What is this cloud

That

That keepe the day light from us, and's allow'd
More priviledge then I : (Though it be white)
Tis not the white I aime at (By this light)
It shall goe off (too) noe : then let's alone,
Come, let's to bed, why look you so : here's none
See's you, but I ; be quicke on (by this hand)
Ile lay you downe my selfe ; you make me stand
Too long i'th cold ; Why doe you lie so farre,
Ile follow you, this distance shall not barre
Your body from me ; Oh tis well, and now
Ile let thy *Virgin* innocence know how
Kings propagate young Princes, marriage beds
Never destroy ; but erect *mayden* heads
Faire *Virgins*, fairely wedded, but repaire
Declining beauty in a prosperous heire.

Come then, lets kisse, let us embrace each other,
Till we have found a babe, faire (like the mother.)

Such face, brest's, waste, soft belly, such a -- why
Doe youthrust backe my hand so scornefully ?
Youle make me strive (I thinke) *Leda*, you know,
I have a warrant for what ere I doe,
And can commit no trepasse ; therefore come
Make me beleeve theirs no *Phizium*
Sweeter then these embraces. Now ye are kind,
(My gentle *Leda*) since you have resign'd,
Ile leave my talking (too) *Leda* grow watter
When *Amorous* *Leda*es grane such pretty sores.

A Paradox on his Mistresse, who is cole Blacke, Blinde,
Wrinkled, Crooked and Dumble.

VVhich of thy vertues shall I first admire;
(Rare peece of natures wonder?) O inspire
My over-Amorous soule, yee Virgins nine
That blesse the fount of flowing Hippocrene:
Create a fancy in me, that may flye
Above the trowing head of Rapphane
Negra, thou art not faire; I cannot say
The blushing morne (bright Herald to the day)
Riseth in either Cheeke; nor yet suppose
The blamelesse Lilly and chaste bashfull Rose
Have a contention there, for these (we know)
Change with their seasons, they but bnd; and blow;
And then expire for ever; all their story
Is at an end, when they begin their glory.

But thou art Black, and therein lovely (too).
Constant, as Fate, unto thy changelesse Hue,
(Like to thy inward soule) where we may finde
Thy face to be fit Emblem to thy mind,
Constant in all chaste thoughts; and a black night
Sometimes allowes more pleasure, then the light
Of a cleare Summer morning, when we please
To dedicate our wearied braines to ease
On a soft Pillow; Marriage-beds allow
The night for lovers actions and (we know)
That, ere the seasons of the yeare decay,
Night claim's as much of rule, as doth the Day.

Thy *Blacknesse* is thy happinesse; by thee
The paint of *white* and *red* *Adulterie*
Can have no entertainment; all mens eyes
May trust thy *face*, for it brookes no disguise;
Thou need'st no *scarfes*, no *Black-bags* here prevaile,
Thy face is both thy *Beauty* and thy *Vaile*.

Black

Wert thou not blind (some say) thou wouldst despair,
For being so, thou thinkst thy selfe as faire
As *Helen* was; but those are *fooles*, and know
No reason to alledge, untill I show
The perfect *truth*; thou dost reserve thy eyes
But to looke inward, where true *beauty* lyes.
Thou lookst not on *vaine glory*, idle *toyes*
That mocke the *sence*, and are not real joyes,
But lights that lead to *mifery*; In thee
It is a *vertue* that thou canst not see.

Blind

Some call the *Wrinkled* (*Negra*) and are bold
To tell me that my *Mistresse* is as old
As twice my age, (Thus all seeke to beguile
Thy pretious *worth*) each *wrinkle* is a *smile*,
(Had they my eyes to see) Then, they would know
(If they be *smiles*) why they continue so;
Lanswer'd that those *smiles* are alwayes shewne,
To tell thou still art friends with every one.

Wrink

So art thou termed *crooked*, cause they see
Thee (like the figure of *Humility*)
Still bending to the earth; but thou art wise
And wilt salute all creatures (since thy eyes

Crooked

Paradoxical Paradoxes.

Deny thee to make choysse) were better be
Alwayes so bent, then lose *humillity*.

Then doe they call thee *Dumbe*, (alas) because
Thou art not frequent in the talking lawes
Of idle women; must the cruell throng
Of ranke backbiters say thou hast no tongue?
Admit thou hast not, is not thy intent
That thy chaste silence should give free consent
To every motion; then they wonder what
Thou movest thy head, or point'st thy fingers at,
These were *Enigmas* to them, till I told
The meaning, and the *Riddle* did unfould,
That none but they, who in thy thoughts abode,
Can understand the vertue of thy nod.

So, art thou none but mine; for onely I,
Retaine the knowledge of that mystery,
And I am thine, who (spight of envious mocks)
Will marry thee — by way of *Paradox*;
No otherwise, beleeve me *Negra*;) so
Ile lye with thee, and beget children too.
Thus you that marry ill, and live worse lives,
(Like me) make *Para-doxes* of your wives.

*A Dialogue betwixt Cassidore, and
Anabella in bed.*

Dear Cassidore let me rise
And aske rights to become

Poetical Varieties.

Castadorus. Shee tells me I doe wantonize,
I prethee sweete lye nere me.

Let red *Aurora* smile my decree
And *Phaebus* laughing follow,
Thou onely art *Aurora* here
Let me be thy *Apollo*.

It is to envie at our blisse
That they doe rise before us,
Is there such hurt in this, or this;
Nay fye, why *Castadorus*.

Arabella.

Castadorus. What, *Arabella* can one night
Of loving dalliance ryre yee:
I could lye ever (if I might).
One houre let me desire yee.

Arabella.

Fy, fy, you hurt me, let me goe
If you so roughly use me,
What can I say, or thinke of you;
I prethee (*Love*) excuse me.

Castadorus.

Thy beaurty and my love defend
I should ungently move thee,
Tis kisses (*sweete*) that I intend,
Is it not I that love thee?

Arabella.

I doe confesse it is, but then
Since you doe so importune,
That I should once lye downe agen,
Vouchsafe to draw the Curtaine

Aurora

Aurora and Apollo (too)

May visit silent fields,
By my consent they nere shall know
The blisse our pleasure yeelds.

To his faithlesse Mistresse Vxorica.

WHere was I, when I cald my mistresse faire
As the bright *East* (when clouds disperfed are
To the vast *North*) how did I grossely erre,
When (rashly confident) I durst preferre
Her vertue bove *Dianas*! when we met,
Why did I thinke the coole-lip't *Violet*
Kiss'd not more chastly sweet; or did suppose
Her cheekes begat a colour in the rose!
But (worst of all) what madn. she Seaz'd my sence
When I conceiv'd her craft, pure *innocence*!
Yee men of happy soules, (I meane) that be
Vnblasted with the breath of perjurie
Proceeding from fraile woman; keepe ye so,
Or you will finde, earth cannot beare a foe
So full of killing mischeife; all that prove
Embrace their ruine, and yet call it love.
Oh in what Chaos did that *Caytiffe* dwell,
That taught the *Age* so good a word for *Hell*!

Because your Mistresse eyes starrelike appeare,
Will you blaspheming cry that *Heaven's* there?
Tis melancholly madnesse, and he prove
You are seduc'd by *socery* not love,
Her heart is deepe perdition; can her eye
Retaine one part of *Heaven*, *Hell* so nigh?

I am experienc'd, read your *Fate* in me,
 Let *Adam's* tasting the excluded tree
 Worke feare in you; good *Angels* tongues forbid
 That you should lose your *Eden* as we did.

Women have subtle flights, theile tell yethen,
 What *Evab* lost, *Mary* restor'd agen,
 Producing all her virgin purity
 To be their honour, though impiety
 Distracted into *Arrogance*, and *lust*
 Engrosse their *soules* and *bodies*, yet they must
 In the *blacke booke* of their *lives* fatall story
 Write for their owne, the *Virgin Marias* glory.

Such false *Vxor* is, but if there be
 A woman *Phœnix* let her pardon me,
 Shee was excluded, when shee knowes my wrong,
 I know shee be too just to blame my tongue,
 And thus conceive, what vertue can he finde
 In any woman, hath his owne unkind ?

To her perjur'd Love *Maritus*, her dishonorer.

O H my undoing faith, now I repent
 My hope ere gave my charity consent
 To be thy love *Maritus*, couldst thou spy
 Within the *Sphere* of my transparant eye
 One *Cupid* loosely revell to invite
 Thy soule to so unchast an appetite
 That for its satisfaction I must dye,
 Kild in my innocence by perjury ?

Oh false *Maritus* I have heard you tell
 That in my eyes two purer cherub's dwell,

Then

Then those that guard *Elixium*; and my lip
 So chafte coole, that should a *Letcher* lip,
 He might convert to *Angell*; my hands touch
 To a more guilty person doe as much,
 What worser thing are you, these vertues can
 Convert them *Angells*, and not you to *man*;
 Have you a *soule*: do you beleeve it must
 (When to some urne you have resign'd your dust)
 Have any *residence*: doe you not feele
 In your wide *conscience*, that *Ixions* wheele
 The *Poets* paint for *Morall*, yet agree
 To take his torment as one worse then he?
 Repent, sigh, weepe (*Maritus*) your wilde youth
 Hath murther'd *innocence*, and wounded *truth*
 Whilst I stand my owne *statue*, and my eyes
 Write this in teares
 HERE MY DEAD HONOR LIES.

A vow to his inestimable Mistresse.

BY the two *Rosie* blushe, that did move
 In your chaste cheekes when I reveal'd my love,
 By those *Favonian* sighs whose gentle calme
 Perfum'd the Ayre sweet, as *Iudean* balme,
 By those two *Ruby* Portalls, that disclose
 Two *Hemispheres* of Pearle, contriv'd to pose
 The yet amaz'd beholder, by your eyes,
 Brighter to me then *Titan* when he flies
 Over *Arabian* mountaines ere his heate
 Doth cause the toyling rurall *Negro* sweate
 Vnder his spicy burchen, by your haire,
 Which pardon sweetest if I terme a snare

To catch a *Cupid* in, and falling low
 Into your bosome where the banks of *Poe*
 Shew nurseries of *Lillies*, I protest
 With a chaste *kisse* upon your *virgin brest*
 (*Love's* sacred register of *vowes*) in thee
 My love and life hath chose *eternity*;
 Yet take my countervow this zealous *kisse*
 I will be true--so *Angels* meete their blisse.

A Dialogue betweene *Icarus* and *surpriz'd*
Phillida.

Pretty sweete. one looke on me
 Faine I would thy captive be,
 Bound by thee is libertie.

Phil.

Be not so unkindly wife
 For your looks will bribe my eyes
 To divulge where my heart lyes.

Icar.

If they doe, thou needst not feare;

Phil.

By my *innocence* I swear,
 Ile but place another there.

Thats my feare I dare not prove

Icar.

Nor my resolution move;
 Cause I know you are in love.

Lov'd *Icarus* and if I be

Phil.

I know I cannot injure thee
 Love and beauty will agree.

Oh you doe my *hearing* wrong,
 I have turn'd my *eyes* thus long
 To be captiv'd by your *tongue*.

Then my *houres* are happy spent,
 If my *tongue* give such content
 It shall be thy *instrument*.

But be sure you use it then
 Thus unto no other men,
 Left that I grow *deafe* again.

Love's progress.

Love is my honest character; I am
 The child of a *faire mother*, and I came
 From yon' celestiall *Palace*, to surround
 This *universe*, I did so, and have found
 My *deity* ador'd by all, I was
 Their onely *Genius*; brought all acts to passe;
 I enter'd a great *Citty* where I spy'd
 A *four score* Bridegroom and a *sixteen* Bride,
 Going to *Hymens Temple*, though her eye
 Look'd but disdainfull of his *Gravity*
 (Shee was compeld) I pittying the wrong
 Shot a sharpe shaft, shee lov'd, and he grew young;
 This was my first effectuall worke and then
 I met a *venerable Cittizen*,
 A *Widder*, well troubled with the strife
 Of worldly cares, and yet without a wife;

I made him wed his maide, and breake his store
 For pious uses, to maintaine the poore.
 I interrupted (next) the serious Muse
 Of a sad *Student*, busy to peruse
 The hearts of mineralls, who let gold flye
 To purchase glasse, and practise *Alchimy*;
 I did infuse a *Quintessence* that made
 My wise *Philosopher* mistake his trade,
 Dazeld his fancy so, that he did spie
Faces and lips in his *Philosophie*;
 Sweete *Roseat blushes, smiles, choyse locks of hayre,*
Soft fingers, and such eyes as women weare;
 When all was perfected in every part
 A Lady was th' *Elixir* of his *Art*.

Love is a *Courtier* (too) I went to Court,
 There did I see a generall resort
 Of royall persons, *Dukes, Earles, Lords and Knights*,
 Each one his *Lady*, and most choyce delights
 Vshering their pompe; the *Virgin Ladies* (too)
 Frequent that *Senat*, who prepare to doe
 Their amrous rites to love; the youthfull *Squires*
 Neglect no office that may keepe the fyers
 Of *Cupid* ever burning; yet mongst these
Diana had a *vestall* did displease
 My angry soule; there was a *virgin faire*
 As lovely *Psyche*; in her trameld haire
 Hung pretious *Diamonds*, yet might you spie
 No lustre in them, cause her eyes were by,
 And to reveale her fully, I durst swear
 I had beheld another *Venus* there.
 This *Lady* was belov'd ador'd and sought
 By a rich heyre, (that as much vertue brought

As shee had beauty) in whose foule did move
 The divine graces, yet he was in love
 With this coy peece of *Ladyship*; but shee
 Contemn'd as much, now note the destinie,
 I could not brooke her humour, but did butne
 With hot vexation; which did suddaine turne
 To royall madnesse, and in zealous rage
 I made him wed a Countesse, shee a Page.

Thus did I traverse earth, and now am come
 To rest my tyr'd limbs in *Elizium*.

To his most excellent *Mistresse*, *Avis Booth*.

Melpomene, forget thou art a Muse
 Or in thy tragicke braine a iuice infuse
 May keepe thee sleeping, let *Thalia* bring
 From greene *Parnassus*, plenty of that spring
 Inspires our Laureat Lovers; could I prayse
 Lov'd *Avis* to her worth, I might weare Bayes,
 Throwne from faire *Daphne's* armes bedew'd with teares,
 For greefe all others are her ravishers.

Who but beholds her cheekes and not supposes
 December to be iune, there live such *Roses*;
 Here would I rest, should I ascend her eyes,
 Tis fear'd my owne would be their sacrifice;

He leave particulars lest I should wrong
 Those that must nere enjoy her, if my tongue
 (Made eloquent by her) could but declare
 Each beauty fully, love and sad despaire,
 Would execute all bearers, there would be
 A civill warre twixt faith and Piety;

Since

Since sheele breed ruine if I should discover
 Ile draw the Curtaines close ; but let no lover
 Compare his *Mistresse* to her, lest that I
 Describe at large, and he by surfeit dye,
 Such *vertue* hath her beauty, for shee is
 A *Rara Avis*, and my faire *Mistrisse*.

Achrostick to his Mistresse.

Sweete	Soule of goodnesse, in whose Saintlike brest.
Vertue	Vowes dwelling, to make beauty blest ;
Sure	Sighing Cytherea sits, your eyes
Are	Altars whereon shee might sacrifice;
Now	None will of the <i>Paphean</i> order be;
Natur's	New worke transcends a deity;
Arabia's	Aromatticks court your scent;
Bright	Beauty makes your gazers eloquent,
Let	Little <i>Cupid</i> his lost eyes obtaine
(Vayl'd)	Veiling you would strike him blinde againe ;
Nay	Never thinke I flatter, If you be
Thus	Thononcelse (<i>by love</i>) you are to me.

*A Gentleman desirous to have his Lady's Picture
 drawne, describes her thus.*

Ingenious *Artist* teach thy *Pencill* how
 To paint a *goddesse*, I would let thee know
 I have a *Mistresse* thy admired Art
 Must limne like my description ; doe no start

If I command a *work* above thy skill
 And send thee once more to *Parnassus hill*
 To heare *Thalia's* Lectures; have you seene
 The lovely feature of the *Cyprian Queene*,
 Her cheekes resemble somewhat; though each Rose
 In her's seemes pluckt, and my *Aurelia's* growes;
 Yet they may passe; the *Lillyes* that doe stand
 Upon her breasts, tells you my Mistresse hand
 Is patterne to their whitenesse; let her eyes
 Not want that heavenly vertue to surprize
 Onely my heart, let them be lov'd by none
 Whose glories are to captive every one.
 Tis onely my ambition for to be
 Fit for my Mistresse, and shee fit for me.

But to my first description; for those haire
 Adorne her head, paint them *Diana* weares;
 And let her forehead not inferior be
 To that which shewes great *Iuno's* majestie,
 Let those two *Rosy portalls*, that I call
 Her ruby lippes, be but so magicall
 As his her owne, so sweet, so balmie made,
 Sure I shall leave the *substance* for the shade.

If you thinke these *Enigma's* and that I
 Strive but to pose you with my *Poetry*;
 Making an argument you never saw
 Such goddesses fayn'd by *Poerick* law:
 I answer such divine powers you shall see
 Get but a *Mistresse*, be in love (like me)

*Chaste Love sitting under a Grove of young Bay-trees,
is thus solicited by Lust.*

Vhat : fighting Love, for shame arise
Sit not crosse, arm'd, (by Venus eyes)

Thou doe'st thy passion Idolize.

He bring thee to a Mistresse, faire
As Lillyes when they first prepare
To kisse the Amorous morning ayre;

Shee as active as desire,

Her voyce transcends the Mermaids quires;
In each touch glowe's Cupids fire.

Corinthian wantons whose rare merits

Were in rayling leaden spirits,
My choise Mistresse brest inherits.

Cold Anchorites, (prepar'd to mourne

Their past crimes) should they but turne
Their eyes on her; would (gazing) burne;

And in that scorching extasie

Not desire to beset free,
But wish to burne eternally.

How can shee but so surprize

The chaste hearts of the most wise,
Cupids heaven is her eyes.

Yet if yours whom you doe keepe

E

Chaste

Charie as your thoughts in *leepe*,
For whom you nightly pray and weepe,

Be so faire, so kind, so loving,
So attractive, sweete, and moving,
Let me know her by your proving.

Love.

I have a Mistresse chaster farre,
Then thine is faire, shall be a starre,
When shee is in a Sepulcher.

With the *harmony* divine
Angels limbs with *Angels* twine,
As does her white soule and mine.

We can kisse without *desire*,
Enjoy our sweets, and feelee no fire,
To enflame, or yet expire,

Divinity it selfe may see,
In her soules faire *symmetry*,
What *Religion* ought to be.

In her eyes an *Anchorite* may
Make purer his Religious Clay,
And to *heaven* tread the way.

I am chaste *Love*, not confin'd
To your fayned *Archer* blinde,
But adore a *vernon* minde;

And whoever will deny
 Sensuall Lust, and doe as I,
 Shall ever love, and never dye.

What a Whore is.

Nature's unhappy workmanship; if *Faire*
 So much the worse, all mischiefs doubled are:
 If *Modest*, ther's a hell in her intent,
 Shee kills secure, when shee seemes innocent:
 If *coy* and *nice*, take heede, it is a *slight*,
 Shee useth but to strengthen *Appetite*:
 If *witty*, in her power more dangers lye,
 Shee'legive you *Logick* for *Adultery*,
 Prove *lust* legitimate; at last beguile
 Your easie sense with a deluding *smile*,
 More subtle then her *Logick*; in such wayes
 Shee spends her pretious nere returning dayes.
 (The glory of her youth) And (which is worse)
 Had shee *Helena's* beauty, yet the curse,
 Of *Strumpets* will attend her; *sickness* seales
 Her over-charged body, and *diseases*,
 Will understand no *Physicke*, but prepare
 Her limbes for earth, ere a repentant *Prayer*
 Can cherish her lost *soule*; Thus shee despoile's
 Her living *kindred* and dead *ancestors*
 Of all their fertile *fame*, so buried lyes,
 A pittifull example to the *wife*;
 But those whom shee abus'd in life will laugh
 Her finall fall, and curse an *Epitaph*.

An abused Man: Quasi, a Cuckold.

YEE Gods that lend me *Patience*, tell me why
My guiltlesse *fame* (pure as your *Piety*)

Must suffer for its *innocence*; can fate

For *vertuous men* such ills predestinate:

Ist not enough you have confin'd my *life*

To the loath'd prison of an *unchast wife*;

Extinguish'd *Hymens Tapers*, and bespread

With *Ewe* and *Cypresse*, my poore nuptiall bed;

But I must suffer the injurious wrong

And *Contumelie* of each *idiots tongue*;

Take the reproach of him (perhaps) that thrives

In his warme *Plush* by nought else but his *wives*

(Thrice bought) *adultery*, yet such as he

Must on my *Patience* brand his *Calumny*.

Teach wiser men, and such as know the price

Of a *chast wife*, it is a *Paradise*;

All candid *soules* enjoy not, if they doe,

Yee are unjust, my *merits* claime one (too)

But I repent my *rage*, conceive again

The reason why you punish *vertuous men*;

To make it in their suffering appeare

They must attend, their *heaven* is not *here*;

Yet tell my rude *abusers* onely this,

Not my *unkindnesse* causeth her amisse;

Nor is it *poverty* my torment brings,

For such as mine may be the fate of *Kings*.

Lust loseth all.

Lust (The hot mother of unchast desires,
Blacke spotted feavers and destroying fires)
I must take breath to curse yee, for I see
My ruine will be perfected by thee.

Why do men call thee *love*, when as no hate

Retaine's a *Plague*, maks man more desperate:

Thou rob'st him of all *honour*, mak'st his name

Become the onely *title* of a *shame*;

Oh may thy fawning falsehood nere have rest.

Within the confine's of a noble brest.

All the choice *vertues*, that I ere could boast:

My soule enjoy'd, in *satiate* lust hath lost:

Religion bid me first farewell, for I

Behold no *beauty* in *Divinity*;

Then *wisdom* left the mansion of my minde

To *folly*'s trust (who never was enclin'd

Vnto chaste lawes) I did not *wisdom* misse;

Wealth can obtaine a lustfull *Mistresse*;

But soone as *wisdom* from my soule did slide,

Reason remov'd and bad me seeke a *guide*,

Which thus I did, my present *fancy* flies

Vnto the *daylight* of my *Mistresse* eyes;

Which being darken'd by *divine* decree;

I lost my way, and was as blind as *shee*:

But when *Religion*, *Wisdome*, *Reason* went;

Faith left me (too) and with a firme consent

Her sister *Hope* did follow, both agree

To heaven to transport kind *charity*;

Love lost his labour in me, for unjust

I did convert his *will* lawes to *lust*.

The lo

Religio

Wisdom

Reason

Faith

Hope

and

Charit

Love

lor. Honor declin'd, saying it is not right
c Man should be servant to his appetite:
inhood. Manhood exild himselfe and would not owne
 Me nor my acts, I was all *Woman* growne.
 Who thinks I am no *loser*? who will say
 Hee's not undone that hath no more to play?
 Let no man then expose his life and fame
 He must needs lose, *the divells in the games*
 He that buyes pleasure at so deare a price
 Obtaine's an apple to lose *Paradise*.

*A Dialogue betwixt Adiversus and his Mistresse
 the Lady Contra.*

ver. FAYRE *Contra*, in the bosome of yon shade
 Remaynes a soft repose, by nature made
 To give your beauty welcome, tis a *Bower*
 Solicited by every fragrant Flower
 Nurs'd in this *Rosy Province*, shall I crave
 I may conduct you to it, (sweete) I have
 A gentle story to reveale, so deare
 Vnto my selfe, that none but your chaste care
 May heare the *petty volume*, be but pleas'd
 To fit and heare and my desire is eas'd.

Contra. You will not kill my patience or betray
 My cares to some loose fancy, from what *Play*
 Have you traduc'd your story? is it new,
 Decently delectable, strange and true?
 What title hath your story? may it be
 Heard without teares? comes it off merrily?

Tis call'd a *Game at Hearts*, both *strange* and *new*;
The *losers* win if both the *hearts* play true.

Adver

This is a riddle sure, some fine defeatē,
You have compos'd to give my wit the cheate.

Con.

There is a man--*that's I*--his heart doth vow

Adver

Vnto a vertuous *Lady*--*that is you*.

Be not offended *sayest*, this is all

The *story* I can tell or ever shall,

I love you; love you dearly, in your eye

Lives my devotion, theres a deity

So powerfull, that is calls my early eyes

From practick *Prayer* to give it sacrifice.

I love you chaste, my divine desire

Aymes but at *honor* marriage, all the fire

Love (the great king of passions) did create

Within my brest, is as *immaculate*,

Temperate and pure as the bright flame that flies

In zeale from an accepted sacrifice.

Is this your *stories* end? is your *game* don?

Con.

Where be your *losing* winners? who hath won?

The *heart* that never play'd, play then and be

Adver

A double *minner*, ile lose all to thee.

Indeede I cannot love, or if I doe,

Con.

Credit me Sir, I cannot *fancy* you,

You are too full of *passion*, if you can

Exile it from you and turne *merry man*,

You may obtaine my favour, but if not

Your *game* is done, your *story* quite forgot.

On

Oh the blind *curse* of *lovers* it doth make
Man become *Idiot* for his *mistresse* sake,
 But I disdaine the taske and let you know
 (Your superficiall *faynes*) that I bow
 No to the *feature* of your femall kind,
 But to a brest enrich'd with a faire *minde*;
 If yours be so, I love you, but if not,
 My *love* (like to my *story*) is forgot:
 Must I become a *Zane*, laugh and roye,
 Your ever-losing favour to enjoy;
 Doth your wife *badship* conceit it fit,
 I should implore the vertue of your wit.
 With idle *mirth*, reserv'd for wanton *guests*;
 Or must I plead my marriage *love* in *jest*?

'Tis a severe conjunction that doth rye
 Two soules in one unto eternity,
 And requires serious wifedome, such as may
 Keepe the knot tyed more then the marriage day;
 Perhaps you are engag'd, your heart doth dwell
 Within anothers, *love* him then--farewell.

Contra Sola.

Thus Virgins sport away their loves, thus I
 Have at one blast lost more felicity
 Then many *Queenes* can boast, some pittying *fate*
 Contrive a meanes I may be fortunate
 In his lov'd *love* agen, Oh be so kind
 To render me the *object* of his *minde*;
 If your strickt *Canons* this request deny,
 And that your *sentence* tells me I must dye
 For my transgression, I no mourners crave,
 But let some *Zane* laugh me to my grave;

No *Epitaph* be writ nor yet a stone
 With this Inscription, *Heere lies buried One,*
 Lest my lost *Love* should come, and when he spies
 My *Sepulcher* with pittie lose his eyes.

Rara Avis in terris nigroque Similima Cigno.

Flye, flye my nimble *Genius* round about
 The peopled world, find me this Riddle out,
 There is much doubt int, to the City flye
 Amongst the Femall *Beauties*, where each eye
 Begets a gazing admiration; there
 Chuse me a young *Wench* that doth know slices faire,
 Who in *Thought*, *Word*, and *Deed* is chaste, and yet
 Hath beene thrice tempted by *Wealth*, *Worth* and *Wis*.

In the same City doe the best you can.

By narrow search, to spye me out a Man

Wedded to Femall follies, yet shall be

The Cities Lord Major for his Gravity.

Repaire to Court, you shall a Lady see

Deck'd like *Aurora* in choice Bravery,

Winne her from those delights, see if you can

Perswade her Ladiship turne Puritan.

Perchance shee hath a husband, one that is

Of youthfull mettall, can *Dance*, *Sing*, and *Kisse*,

Court amorous Ladies, is compleatly faire,

That owes to Art for a large crispy haire.

Produce him (too) he with the rest may passe

If he did nere behold a *Looking-Glasse*,

Take Cart and to the Country goe with speede,

Where *Chwines*, *Cowes*, *Calfes*, *Sheepe*, and fat *Oxen* feede,

F

Perswade

Perfwade some great Corne-master, that hath bin
A Grand Offender in the thriving Sin
Of *Transportation*; onely to reſtaine
That thrifty courſe, and give his Country *Graine*,

Bid his Old wife forſake her Country tongue,
And trade in *Complement*, tell her ſhees young;
If you can make her leave her Coun:ry *Iigge*,
Shave off her Haire and weare a *Periwigge*,
Bring her, and all the reſt, I dare ſay than
I have as *Rare a Bird*, as your *blacke Swan*.

To his Miſtris Elizabeth Brooke.

Elizabeth inſpire me, then I ſhall
Write nought *Obſcene*, but *Beauty*, *Vertue* all.
There was a *Queene* of whom *Fames* tongue can tell
Cald *Periue* *Servant*, ſhee did all Excell,
Durſt call themſelves *Elizabeth*, to me,
Methinkes you keepe her ſtill in *Memorie*,
Did I not thinke you chaſte, as is the *Snow*
Girt in *Diana's* girdle, faire one know
I could not court you, though your beauty might
Play the faire thiefe, and ſteale me at firſt ſight,
I ſhould affect no longer then I gaz'd:
Beauty and *Vertue* both make *Soules* amaz'd
Be you my *Brooke*, my ſhadow, and I vow
Like fond *Narciſſus* to kiſſe none but you,
And in that chriſtall *Rivolet*, your *Eye*
Bury my *Sight*, my *Selfe*---tis life to dye.

*A Dialogue betwixt Fidelius and his
Silent Mistress Flora.*

Fide. MY dearest *Flora* can you love me.

Flo. Prethee prove me:

Fide. Shall I have your hand to kisse.

Flo. Yes, yes.

Fide. On this whitenesse let me sweare.

Flo. No pray forbearē.

Fide. I love you dearer then my eyes.

Flo. Be wise.

Fide. I prize no happineffe like you.

Flo. Will you be True.

Fide. As is the Turtle to her Mate.

Flo. I hate—

Fide. Who my Divineſt *Flora*, me.

Flo. No, flatterie.

Fide. He that flatters, may he dye.

Flo. Perpetually.

Fide. And his blacke *Vrue* be the cell.

Flo. Where furies dwell.

Fide. May his Name be blasphemous.

Flo. To us.

Fide. His *Memory* for ever Rot.

Flo. And be forgot.

Fide. Least it keepe our age and youth.

Flo. From Love and Truth.

Fide. Thus upon your Virgin hand.

Flo. Your *Vowes* shall stand.

Fide. This kisse confirms my Act and Deed.

Flo. You may exced.

Perswade some great Corne-master, that hath bin
 A Grand Offender in the thriving Sin
 Of *Transportation*; onely to refraine
 That thrifty course, and give his Country Graine,
 Bid his Old wife forsake her Country tongue,
 And trade in *Complement*, tell her shees young;
 If you can make her leave her Coun:ry Tiegge,
 Shave off her Haire and weare a *Periwigge*,
 Bring her, and all the rest, I dare say than
 I have as *Rare a Bird*, as your *blacke Swan*.

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 Write nought *Obscene*, but *Beauty*, *Vertue* all.
 There was a *Queene* of whom *Fames* tongue can tell
 Cald *Vertue* *Servant*, shee did all Excell,
 Durst call themselves *Elizabeth*; to me,
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Flo. From Love and Truth.

Fide. Thus upon your Virgin hand.

Flo. Your *Vowes* shall stand.

Fide. This kisse confirms my Act and Deed.

Flo. You may exceed.

Fide. Your *Hand*, your *Lippe*, Ile vow on both

Flo. A dangerous oath.

Fide. My Resolution nere shall start,

Flo. You have my heart.

*A Ladies Complaint for the losse of
her Love Theodorus.*

L End me th^y *Arrowes Cupid*, teach me ho^w
To weare thy *Quiver* and to bend thy *Bow*,
Shew me that *Shaft* in which a *Power* doth lye
To make man chasty Love eternally ;
I have my eyes faire *Boy* with which Ile find
The marke that thou wilt misse, las, thou art blind,
I see too much, and wish I could not see,
Lesse I had power my bondage for to free
Or bind another ; *Theodorus* then
Should be my honour'd Prisoner once agen,
Did I appeare so worthlesse, is my face
So poorely barren of the Female *Grace*
Which Courts our *Amorous youth*, that I must be
The *Subject* of a mans *Inconstancy*,
What though there be no *Cupids* in my Eyes,
Plac'd to make Erring *Love* idolatrize,
What though the *Roses* in my *Cheekes* doe faint,
And I disdain with an *Adulterate* paint
To Adde a *Sinnesfull Beauty*, my chaste minde
Shall cast a lustre when all eyes are blind,
That might have made my *Theodorus* Love
With divine Loyalty, and constant proove,

For

For Love that's onely fixed in faire Eyes
 And fading Colours, with their downefall dyes
 Belceve me *Theodorus*, I divine,
 (I though thou art gone, and the sad losse is mine)
 Thou wilt not be a winner; Oh take heede
 Women are gilded follies, that exceed
 A gluttons Riot, Men doe oft refuse
 (For *Beauties* sake) though they unchastly chuse,
 If they be beautionously faire, can that
 Secure their *Mindes* from *Thoughts* adulterate,
 And should they lose their *Honour*, can they then
 With all their *Beauties* fetch it backe agen,
 But be your owne adviser, let not me
 Discourage your opinion, but be free
 In your new choice; if my wish take effect,
 You never shall repent you did neglect
 My courser *Fortunes*; if your *Mistris* be
 An *Angell* in your eyes, shees so to me,
 Envy is still my *Enemy*; although
 I lov'd you fondly, I must have you know
 Twas very chasty (too) and (without Wonder)
 Hearts may contract when *Bodies* are asunder.
 Yet love your *Mistris*, and be truely zealous,
 I can *Affect*, yet never make her jealous.

A Morall Eclogue presented by Vertue,
 Wealth, and Beauty.

Come hither Beauty, what sad dumpe hath got
 The upper hand of thy choice thoughts, what blot

Hath overcome thy *Beauty*; thou art sad,
 Thoughts discontented and conceal'd, make mad
 The serious *Contemplator*, then declare,
 I me a *Physitian*, tell me what they are.

Insatiate *Wealth*, I will; I come to crave
 Along-lost *Servant*, you unjustly have,
 And such a *Servant* none ere had but (thee
 Whom *Love* embrac'd) *Cadmean Semele*,
 Though *Nature* make all men that mortall are
 All of one mould, shee can but claime a share
 In this great Master piece; ere he was fit
 Twelve *Natures* did in consultation sit,
 Had he but liv'd when the Egyptian *Queene*
 (Fairst *Cleopatra*) Raigh'd, to have beene seene,
 By her in her high court, sure none but he
 Had exchang'd places with *Marke Anthony*;
 Or *Hellen* view'd him, ere shee went from *Greece*,
 No *Warres* had beene, he could have kept the *Peace*.

Is this your cause of *Griefe*, admit I have
 This honourable *Servant* which you crave,
 I am the worthier *Mistress*, whats in you
 But a faire face, *Riches* doth me endue,
 What will your *Beauty* doe when *Fortune* shall
 Deale cruelly, and let your states both fall,
 Begge with your *Beauty*, can your *Beauty* then
 Contrive a meane to raise you up agen.
 But stay, yonder comes *vertue*; doe but see
 How poore shee goes, yet shees as nice as thee.

Health to you *Ladies*; *Beauty*, unto you
 My message comes; I have a *Servant* true,

Corrupted by your eyes, till he did see
 Your faining *Smiles* he was content with me;
 Pray give him backe againe : my mourning state
 Directs the *Turtle* that hath lost her *Mate*
 To beate her feather'd bosome, *Griefe* and *I*
 Are in contention for the *Majesty*
 Of perfect *sorrow*, and we finde that none
 Have such true *griefe* as those whose *Love's* are gone ;
 Such is my state, faire *Lady*, doe not then
 Detaine my *Love*, but send him home agen,

What *Love* doe I detaine, what *Servant*, where
 Did I subdue him, whats his *Character* ?

When first I did behold him, I could spye
 The simple *Soule* of *Candid Majesty*
 Take state in either cheek; for his defence,
 He never *Blush'd*, but to shew *Innocence* :
 When he did court me, a sweete *Passion* strove
 To tell me, that he liv'd in perfect love,
 I saw he did, and yet am bold to tell,
 He might have wrought *Faith* in an *Infidell*,
 He had *Exterious Beauty*, (too) his eyes
 Had luster from his inward *Purities*.
 They were a *Frontispiece* to all the good
 His *Soule* posses'd ; greater in *Grace* then *blood*,
 His name is *Bellixarus*, let me have
 His person (too) tis all the blisse I crave.

That is my *Love* coy *Vertue*.

Which I claime.

But

But is my due.

Oh ye both lose your *Aime*,
 He hath a wealthy Fortune; shall it be
 Exposed to the certaine jeopardy
 Of *Beauty* or poore *Vertue*; let him thrive
 In my esteemes, *Wealth* keeps the heart alive.
 Ile shew him Mynes of *Treasure*, which shall buy
Pleasures, that may perswade *Mortality*
 Into a *Godhead*; Ile a *Pallace* build
 Of chequer'd *Marble*, whose large rooffe shall yeeld
 Vnparallel'd delights; a thousand boyes
 (Fairst as *Adonis*) with melodious noyse
 Of new found *Timbrils*, shall awake his *Sense*
 From sullen sadnesse (with profuse expence,) Ile
 purchase curious dyet, whose choise taste
 Shall create *Odors* in his *Breath*, Ile waste
 My (unknowne) *Treasure* to a *Myte*, that he
 May hate you both, and keepe his *Love* with me.

You argue weakely for him; in my Eye,
 A *Lover's Amorous Passion* can descry
 Tenne thousand fairer boyes, young *Cupids* all,
 And with my voyce (at his commanding call)
 Ile warble various fancies, that shall make
 His heart; cold *Melancholy* quite forsake
 This *Ruby Lippe* being connex'd with his,
 Shall be more pleasing then that *Nectar* is
Love doth revive his *Youth* with; for his *Scent*,
 My breath is sweeter then that *Continent*
 The *Phoenix* keeps her nest in when she burnes
 In *Aromats*, and a New *Phoenix* turnes.

These

These but a *modell* of the pleasures be
He shall enjoy, let him returne to me.

If he be *true*, no *argument* should make
His *honest soule* his first *chaste love* forsake;
Then (were he yours, and I by *strife* should win)
How could I be a *vertue* but a *sint*;
Fond women, know ile teach him how to cline
Beyond your hopes, to *treasures* more *sublime*;
Ile shew him how to be content with that
Would make you sorrow sicke and desperate;
Fortune can wound you *wealth*, & (*beauty*) know
The sweetest *Roses* that doe *sayrest blow*,
Will shatter into *ruine*; you must feare
Beauty will fade, *Springs* last not all the *years*;
You talke of *Boyes* and *Capids*, I can see
Through the pure *cristalls* of *discreetie*;
A heaven set with *Angels*, of whose *glory*
No *mortalls* *sen* could ere write *perfect story*,
And to this *joy* ile bring him, if he be
So wise to cast you off and live with me.

Yet he is mine, and if the *God of love*
Looke pleasing (as he did) I then will move
My next suite unto *Hymen*, and where he
Ioyntly contracted by his *Deity*:
Do not you rayle then, not you're your *heart*,
I have *possession* thats the greater part.

I must returne to *sorrow*, *weepe*, and *wayle*
For his lost *soule*.

I to *revenge*, and *raile*.

Vertue

A

To delight

Vertue

Beauty

Use your owne counsell, when your rayling's past
Goe mourne with *certne* and your *beauty* blast.

The complaint of an old Lady for the losse of her beauty.

A Ge (*Beauties* tyrant) why dost thou,
Furrowe my browe?

With what poyson hast thou made,

My Lillies fade;

What strange *colour* is this hayre

That I weare?

Oh for *love's* sake take away,

Tisto gray;

In my cheekes no *Roses* grow,

Bud or blow;

But are gone, for ever gone,

Every one;

In my eyes no *Cupids* dance

To advance

The bravery of *Appetite*

To delight;

I to *Venus* shrine will goe

With my woe,

And declare unto her all

My beauties fall;

There complaine that crooked *Age*

Full of rage,

Hath for ever banished

White and *red*;

So perhaps I may obtaine

All againe.

And

Poeticall Varieties.

And disgracefull Age expell

To her Cell;

But if not, most sure I shall

Ruin'd fall;

For when beauty is away

All's but Clay,

Fickle feature growes but brave

For a Grave,

Where the beauty most repleate

Wormes will eate.

Go then *Beauty* be not seene

But in *Virgin's* at *sixteene*,

When they are as old as I

Let their *Beauty* fading dye;

Tis an age for to decline

To our graves, not *Venus* shrine.

A Gentleman deploring his former follies:

Reason I doe salute thy brightnesse, thou

Expell'st the mists of error; from thy brow

A radiant *Beame* is shot into my soule,

By which I have discovered how foule

My former follies made me; it is thee

That mak'st poore *Man* become a monarchy:

Hadst thou been with me when the greedy grape

Ingross'd my senses, and committed Rape

Vpon my understanding, I might be

Lesse in Arrerage for *Ebriety*.

Had I enjoy'd thy company when I

(Inflam'd with feaver-burning luxury)

Ruin'd a Ladies *fame*, shee had beene pure
 And kept her mayden innocence secure;
 I had beene happy, for my tainted *name*
 Had beene an honest *Character*, no *shame*,
 Had I employ'd thy counsell (when my wrath)
 Ayded by *envy* trod a guilty path
 Vnto my freinds confusion, but because
 He was not regular in *Bacchus* lawes,
 My spleene had beene more temperate, for I
 Had conquer'd rashnesse by *sobriety*.

Hadst thou bin present when my ruder tongue
Calumniously did doe my Mistresse wrong,
 Who chastly loved when I did boldly say,
 Shee was my *looser creature* to alay
 Lascivious desires; that shee would doe
 What (heaven) knowes) I nere seduc'd her to;
 Thou hadst corrected the egregious ill,
 And I had liv'd her honor'd *servant* still.
 Hadst thou beene pleas'd ever to lend thy *Aore*
 Of saving helpe, such follyes on my *score*
 Had nere beene written, tis not yet too late
 For devoute penitence to *expiate*;
 Be my Adjutor, *Reason* is in thee
 That I will seekē *mat's mediocrity*.

ELE



ELEGIACK POEMS.

*An Elegie on his Inestimable friend, Mr.
Richard Gunnell, Gene.*

GOe sell your smiles for weeping, change your mirth
For mourning dirges, leave the pretious earth
Of my inestimable friend with teares
(Fertill as them the cheek of *April* weares,
When *Flora* propagates her blessing on
Th' approaching *Daffadills*) under this stone
Lyes his neglected ashes, Oh that they
Who knew his *vertues* best should let his *Clay*
Lye unregarded so, and not appeare
With a full sorrow; in each eye a teare
Once, daily ore his *urne*, how can they thinke
A pleasing thought, sit and securely drinke
Insatiate carrowes; these are they.
Can lose both friends and sorrowes in one day
(Not worth my observation) let me turne
Againe to my sad duty, where ile mourne
Till my corporeall essence doe becomee.

Poeticall Varieties.

A glyding rivolet ; and pay the *summe*
 To thy deare memory ; my streame shall lend
 A drop to none les he hath lost a friend :
 The melancholly mad-man that will prove
 His *passion* for his *Mistresse* is but *love*,
 Were best be thrifty in his teares, for I
 Will not supply him though his *mistresse* dye ;
 My ford is thine deare *Gunnell* and for thee
 My *Christall Channell* flowes so currently,
Tagus and great *Patolus* may be proud
 Of their *red sands*, let me my Rivers shrowd
 In course *Meanders*, where the waters shall
 In a griev'd murmure, *Gunnell, Gunnell*, call,
 It is for thee I *flow*, for thee I *glide*,
 I had retain'd my *floods* hadst thou not *died*.
 And little water birds shall chaunt this *theme*,
 Thy *Jordan* mourner is a *Jordan streame*.

*An Epitaph on his kind friend, M^r. Iohn
Honiman, Gent.*

THou that couldst never weepe, and know'st not why
Teares should be spent but in *mans* infancy,
Come and repent thy error for here lyes
A *Theame* for *Angels* to write Elegies,
Had they the losse as we have; such a one
As *nature* kild for his perfection,
And when shee sends those vertues backe againe
His stocke shall serve for twenty vertuous men.

In *Aprill* dyed this *Aprill* to finde *May*
In *Paradise*, or celebrate a day
With some celestiaall creature, had he beene
Design'd for other then a *Cherubin*;
Earth would have gave him choice; he was a man
So sweetly good, that he who wisely can
Describe at large, must such another be,
Or court no *Muses* but *Divinitie*.

Here will I rest, for feare the *Readers* eyes
Vpon his *urne* become a *sacrifice*.

An Elegie on M^r. Iohn Raven, Gent.

NO sooner did sad Rumour wound my eares
 With thy decease, but Myriads of teares
 Sprung in my doer eyes, I sigh'd, Oh me
 Is Raven dead, why could the fatal **THREE**
 Not give some dispensation for a man
 Deserv'd the yeares of *despair*; I began
 Much to invoke the destinies, but they
 Gave me no answer, sure they doe obey
 Some greater power, whose immense *soveraignty*
 Admits no Inquisition *How or Why*;
 (The curse of frailty) we but see to chuse,
 Chuse to enjoy, ere we enjoy we lose:
 So is thy life to us, what if thou be
 Enthron'd a *Monarch* for thy piety,
 Our losse is still the same, we lose our prize,
 Because we cannot see thee with these eyes,
 We doe not doubt thy welfare (dearest friend)
 But doe beleve thy meritorious end
 Hath won *eternity*, and yet indeed
 We cannot chuse but grieve, teares will exceed
 Though they allow no cause, for if thou be
 So truly happy as divinitie
 Declares the blessed *transmigration*, then
 Twere *sinfull grieve* to wish thee here agen:
 Thy death is my instruction, and thy blisse
 The subject of my contemplation is.
 Heaven inspire thy merit into me,
 And I shall dye, to deserve life with thee.

An Elegie on his beloved friend Mr. Charles
Rider, Student in the Art of Limning,
or Picture-drawing.

IF you can weepe, draw neere; but if your eyes
Deny to yeeld a liquid *Sacrifice*,
Laughter perplex yee, may you never be
Worthy to be preserv'd in memory
But amongst *Fooles* and *Iesters*, such as know
No season for their *mirth*, but will allow
Their idle *jests*, and their more *anticke* flights
On *Funeralls* as well as *Brydall nights*.
Here (you that have the magazin of teares)
Exhaust your thrifty fountains, he that weares
Black with an honest sorrow I advise
To ayde us in our (too sad) *obsequies*.

There is an *Artist* dead, who ist that can
Deny but hee's the friend of every man
That maks wise use of knowledg; he was rare
In limning decent *Figures*; his chaste care
Could nere permit his *fancy* to encline
To the rude draughts of lustfull *Aretine*:

But had his eyes beheld the *silent feature*,
Posture & face, of some excelling creatures,
(Pure as her simple *Beauty*) such a one
Was patterne for his Pencill, or else none.
To be particular, I should appeare
Foe to my selfe, since each word claim's a teare;
But what my full fraught eyes deny to show,
Expect in some large booke in *Folio*.

H

His

His vertues are too many for to be
 Composed in a weeping *Elegie* :
 But he is dead, that all-devouring death
 That scornes to give religious Monarchs breath
 An houre beyond his limits, hath thought fit
 To use his power on thee; may thy soule sit
 In Angells habitations, while we
 Deplore thy death, and blesse thy memory.

Since thou wert *meritorious*, I crave
 That I may stick this *Lawrel* on thy grave,
 Where if the bounteous heavens please to raise
 Showres like my teares, twill grow a *Grove of Bayes*.

*An Elegie on the death of a Male-child
 drown'd in Ice.*

Blest *Infant* to thy *Marble* I am sent
 By pittying fate and my owne discontent,
 To be resolv'd, why (in thy budding youth)
 Thou wert thus rudely ravish'd, that the truth
 Vnto thy mourning friends I may relate,
 Who with their tears thy cold *urne* consecrate.
 How didst thou get thy ruine? what fate sent
 Thy beauntious body to that element
 Devoures those it embraceth; couldst thou be
 Flatter'd to hugge the infidelity
 Of wanton *Thetis*? sure it was not so,
 Twas thy owne *Beauty* wrought thy overthrow;
 Shee was enamor'd of thee, and could finde
 No way but this to fate her ravenous minde.

Shee did convert to *Chrystal*, for shee saw
 None but thy *beauty*, could thy *beauty* draw:
 For there thy eyes surpriz'd by their owne light
 Eclips'd each other, making midday, night:
 Blacke night, worse waters, may yee ever be
 Vs'd to make beauty blacke, so curs'd by me;
 May never discontents or *sorrowes* rise
 In greefe-afflicted *bosomes*, if their eyes
 Bannish you thence, for when your floods are spent,
 There shall not be a cause for discontent:
 Rest peaceably (sweete boy) thought to us dead,
 Love shall for thee exchange his *Ganemed*.

*An Elegie and Epitaph on his
 Mistresse Fidelia.*

Patience (the great *Physition* of the minde)
 Hath lost his *Art*, for no *balme* can he finde
 To give me cure, there is no *Patience* left,
 It is a vertue which the *gods* bereft.
 With my *Fidelia*, and since shee is gone
 What good is left me, but *distraction*;
 Yet in her name I doe a *vertue* finde
 Charmes all my *senses*, tells my raging minde
 Shee hath but left the earth for *heaven* to try
 What throne the *Gods* prepare for shee and I.
 Which having done, I then shall heare from her
 By that supream commanding *Harbinger*,

Elegiack Poems.

That summons *Princes, Queenes, religious Kings*
To cast off earth and put on *cherub's wings* :
My soule thus charmed into sweete content,
Ile waite, and write thus on her *monument*.

The Epitaph.

In this Marble, buried lyes
Beauty, may enrich the skyes,
And adde light to Phoebus eyes.

Sweeter then Aurora's ayre
When shee paints the Lillies faire,
And gilds Cowslips with her haire ;

Chaster then the virgin Spring,
Ere her blossomes shee doth bring,
Or cause Philomell to sing.

If such goodnesse live amongst men,
Bring me to it, I know then

Shée is come from heaven agen ;

But if not, yee standers by

Cherish me, and say that I
Am the next design'd to dye.



An Epicedium on his Mistresse
Arbella.

YEE are too quick, yee *Pioners of death*
To execute your charge, I have yet breath
Struggles within my labouring brest, to come
And sigh an hasty *Epicedium*
On my *Arbella*; Oh what stupid sleepe
Ceazes your faculties, you doe not weepe
Your selves to restlesse rivolets; my eyes
Must act alone *Arbella's obsequies*;
Doe you want common *sense*, how can you heare
Arbella nam'd (dead nam'd) and shed no teare;
Know you not how to weepe, pray looke on me,
Methinks each man should be a *Niobe*;
And teach me to be *fluent*: fall, oh fall
Like *Aprill dew*, for these are *Scythians* all;
And know not how to weepe unlesse the *winds*
Ravish their teares; they have no weeping *minds*:
But I am spent entomb, her now, yet stay,
For pitties sake banish the wormes away,
They will pollute her *beauty*; let them have
A wealthy *banquet* in some *Gluttons* grave;
Yet they may stay, for if they can descry
Her beauteous cheekes, they will by famine dye.

Rather

Rather then plucke those *Roses*, now growne white
As was her *innocence* (before the light)
Envied the lustre of her eyes, and sent
Her beauty to enrich a *Monument* :

Where (since her *Saint-like essence* is divine)
I will forget her *Tambe*, and fix a *Shrine*.

FINIS.



Reed
1763

Milton

The flowery May who from her green ^{throws} lap
The yellow Gorsebip & the pale primrose

Nicolls

Out of her fruitful lap each day she threw
The choicest flowers or

Shakespear

Cuckoo Cuckoo Oh Word of Fear
Unpleasing to a married Ear

Nicolls Ds

Whereby the Note which his hoarse voice doth bear
Is harsh & fatal to the wedded ear

Milton

— day's harbinger
Comes dancing from the East —

Nicolls d 12

Through with the days bright King. came Lannetings